

## THE LADY'S

OR,

WEEKLY



## MISCELLANY;

THE

VISITOR.

FOR THE USE AND AMUSEMENT OF BOTH SEXES.

VOL. XIV.]

Saturday, February 1,.....1812.

[NO. 15.]

EXTRACTED.

FROM

THE FOUNDLING OF  
BELGRADE.

'You tell me you are a sabalern in the infantry. From this day you will consider yourself attached to the royal regiment of — It has long been a meritorious corpse, and from the glorious honors it has achieved, holds a distinguished rank in the estimation of the king, who was graciously pleased to confer upon me the command on the death of the late colonel. A troop is now vacant, and I cannot bestow it upon an officer who has a greater claim to my patronage. I feel I cannot long survive. At my death you will hasten to Madrid, and exhibit my commission to his majesty. Accompanying it will be found a memorial setting forth the various services I have performed the state.

Enjoying the confidence, and I may add the personal friendship of his majesty, perhaps, there shall be no occasion for this customary formality. But the best of princes

are often influenced by a corrupt ministry. Nature was never more lavish in the production of a chaste heart, than she has proved herself in Charles the fourth: but born a prince, he is essentially above us all. I know him well. Armed with sovereign authority he would not intentionally injure the meanest of his subjects; but, from the nature of his situation, it is necessary he should have servants with whom to advise, and in whom to confide; and it is from the crafty ambition of the insidious who, choaking the avenues to his person, riot in the spoil of an oppressed people. This memorial contains also the calamity which has visited the house of Aranza. The title dies with me—O Alfonso, my heart bleeds afresh: I once had a son to fill the vacancy I now occasion to the grandees of the empire—but the chasm must remain—I have myself to blame.'

Here the duke paused, to give vent to the tears which would flow in spite of all his efforts; and Alfonso, taking advantage of the moment, besought him to think more favorably of his situation. 'I assure your grace,' said he 'the physician has not begun to despair.'

'He is deceived, Alfonso,' interrupted the duke—the hand of death is upon me. One day more, and all my misery is at an end. What others look upon with dismay, I hail with joy unspeakable. What others pause upon with doubtful apprehensions, shrink from and feel appalled, I embrace with all my soul. Rank, affluence, courtly splendor, and all the pageantry of life have now no relish left. Joy, nor love, nor worldly peace are on this side the grave—already half interred, my mortal part feels cold and cheerless—my immortal, warm and animated, glowing with expectation and desire ineffable!—Have I your promise, Alfonso, that you will carry my memorial to the throne?'

'Most solemnly do I pledge myself; but,' continued Alfonso, 'do not think so desperately of your condition: many happy years are yet in store for you—O! if your grace would—but——' He could add no more:—oppressed with the feelings which the scene occasioned, Alfonso turned aside to conceal the tear which glistened in his eye.

'Continue, my son,' cried the duke, grasping him again by the hand—'speak freely: if I have the power, your intreaty shall not be vain.'

'It is,' rejoined Alfonso, 'that you would live, if not for yourself, for me! commit me not to a sea of troubles. Do not abandon me

to stings of never ceasing remorse. I was your assassin, and could not long survive the consciousness of acquiring honors by such bloody means. Know that lost in the darkness of the night, I wandered imperceptibly into the common where you were. You discovered me, and having a just cause of suspicion that I was Diego, ran upon me as you did. I viewed you in the light of some desperate bandit, wrenched the weapon from your hands as it passed beneath my arm, and turned its point back upon yourself.'

'You astonish me,' exclaimed the duke. 'Kind heaven! how happy am I that I missed my aim. Happy that you told me this! now have I greater cause than ever to manifest the place you occupy in my affections. The villain my unhappy star suspected you to be has poisoned the cup of life, and I sink into the grave, blessed with the power of making some atonement for the injury innocently intended.——But before I bid farewell to the world, let me to the point which is to prove the trial of your attachment.'

'I have aniece, Alfonso—young, beautiful and heiress to all my wealth. In the convent of St. Clare, this lovely bud, the last of the houses of Jacca & Aranza, has been immured for years. To introduce her to the world was the object of the fatal journey we were upon. Poor innocent! she must never



know how the family name of Jacca had been tarnished in her brother. Sister to that Diego, who should, alas! have died before, it is meet that you who saved her guardian's life should succeed him in that office when he dies. Violenta, since her father's death, fancies herself without a nearer relation than her parental uncle, and I am anxious she should continue in that belief.

'The count Jacca was my elder brother. He died some years back, leaving two children Diego and her. The count educated to the church arrived to his largest honors, dying bishop of Saragossa and grand inquisitor of the kingdom of Arragon. Few men venerate more the sacred duties of religion than I do. From a soldier and a courtier you may discredit a confession which savors of the repentant sinner on the verge of eternity. But you yourself are a soldier. The purity of your mind I have witnessed to admire; you will agree with me that without virtue, honor cannot be. A christian I am in its fullest sense; but no friend to the interpolations which have accumulated to debase it since the days of the primitive church. Charity I hold the choice inculcations. I may have pitied the mussulman in his mosque; but my heart would not suffer me to condemn him. My soul is charmed with pure devotion, and would be elevated amid a thousand sectarian adorations of one almighty

being—inspired with as much sublimity in the temple at Mecca, as in the apostolic cathedral at Rome.

'My only difference with my brother was on the score of religion—but never once did I presume to introduce the subject. I knew the habit of his life, and was silent. Unfortunately he fancied he knew mine, and would unceasingly perplex his ingenuity with vain applications that I would abandon my profession, and my suppositious pursuits. But, as one of the pillars of the realm, I considered until the golden age should revive, the soldier a useful character in the kingdom as the bishop of Saragossa: confined to the circumscribed knowledge of clerical life, he likened the government of a kingdom to that of a diocese. His practice had never presented to his imagination how much more was the facility to deal out precept to the biggotted few, than to restrain the passions of the many. Wedded to his ideal whims, I left him, ever to himself—and to the capricious regulations of his own family. What was the result?—he married a woman of fashion after requiring a meretricious dispensation from his holiness the Pope. Smitten with his wealth, poor woman she bartered away her prudence for eternal misery, and he who would preside o'er kingdoms! found his incapacity to subdue a family. Educating his son after his own conceit, he

taught him dissimulation in place of manly ingenuousness. Inculcating the belief that this alone was gospel, and that heterodox. Without explaining the deformity of vice, he vainly preached up the innate beauties of virtue. Pleased with the outward piety of the hypocrite he was deceived in the rank depravity of the collegian to discover, when too late, the complicated vices of a finished vagabond: still without conviction, that the habits of the man originated in the pernicious education of the boy.

'Heir to an immense fortune, Diego was the darling prodigal of a blind parent. With every species of debauchery within his purchase, his unbridled appetite batten on excess. Every rank weed went down; and basking in the sunshine of pleasure, and brousing a while on the summit of lewdness, till step by step, he plunged headlong into the valley of corruption, to bring infamy upon his family and to become an outlaw to the insulted statues of the realm. Had he stopped here, I should have been happy still; but alas! Alfonso you witnessed the accomplishment of my misery to overtake the progress of his villanny.—A spectator of the wretched system adopted in his education, I vainly fancied I should yet succeed in curbing his licentious morals. I forgot his foibles, pardoned the crime which had outlawed him from his country, and opened my

arms to his protection. But what was the return I merited for this ill-judged extension of my clemency! perceiving no chance of recovering the inheritance from which he had been cut off by the intercession of his father with the king, he watched a favorable moment to realize the diabolical wish of the roman tyrant? making one neck\* of my whole house, he severed it in two, in the hope of the royal pardon for his former irregularities, when all impediments were removed to a dukedom conferred on me for services highly beneficial to the state. You saved it from pollution, and like another Chærea, dispatched a monster worthy of such a prototype.

Violenta to whom I allude, is the younger sister of Diego. There were equal disparity in their years as in their dispositions. Her mother dying while she was yet an infant, I besought the count to permit her to live with me; exactly of an age with my Antonia, I wished to make companions of the two, that both might equally benefit by the tuition of my beloved Elvira.—My capricious brother as yet blind to his son's excesses, and wedded to his erroneous estimate of human happiness, returned for answer that she was destined for a convent in conformity to that unnatural policy of preserving entire to a son the undivided affluence

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\* That the roman people had but one neck was a desire worthy of Caligula.



and splendor of his title. I was abroad in the service of my country, when the accounts of his death were received. To me he bequeathed one half of his fortune which I accepted of, only to make over to Diego. The other moiety was settled upon the convent of St. Clare, in which his daughter was destined to take the veil. Happily for my niece, her father should commit a pious mistake as it regards this last bequeath. In the will I am appointed trustee, reserving to me power to nominate my successor; with a clause that nothing but the interest shall be the revenue to the convent until Violenta shall consent to take the veil. My reverend brother, a dupe to his own avarice, had no doubt that his daughter would prefer pious splendor to starvation; never contemplating that, as trustee and with no excessive generosity, I should not only exert my influence against such a determination, on the part of Violenta, but offer to her an assylum in my family.—The abbess has long been ineffectually, struggled to draw from her the hateful vow. But the aversion of Violenta to a monastic life is unconquerable, and my chief hope to release her from confinement is a compromise with the convent. Possessed of my fortune, she can well dispense with her own. Hasten to her Alfonso at my death, comfort her in distress, and prepare her for the new scene she is about to engage in. She has charms to captivate: I wish above

all things, a mutual passion—would to God it may be so! you are worthy of each other, and may your first love be less fatal than mine. Let her, however, continue in ignorance of her brother's guilt. The knowledge of his vices will poison her happiness; I have appointed you executor of my will, and her guardian. I know none in whose honor and virtue I can so well repose a trust so sacred. I owe this confidence to you in gratitude—it is the best security for the future happiness of my niece.

(To be Continued.)

*From the Richmond Enquirer.*

#### NARRATIVE.

We cannot paint the details of the scene of Thursday night—No description can do justice to its horrors—and there were so few persons so cool and self-collected as to accurately paint any part of the mass of woes which fell in a moment upon us. Some scenes are so wrought with horror that a delicate pencil would have to skip them—Besides, time enough has not been had to bring together an accurate group of woes.

It is painful to touch upon the catastrophe of those who have gone forever. Their ashes are in the grave—but their memories are entombed in our hearts. The generous and worthy Smith, who but a few days since was crowned

with one of the highest honors which Virginia can bestow, is snatched from his country, his distracted family, his children and his friends !! It is not certainly known whether he had effected his escape from the building and rushed again into the flames to save his child ! There is a confusion in the story, and perhaps it is as well if it never were cleared up.

Abraham B. Venable, the President of the Bank of Virginia ; a man who has filled our public stations with very high repute ; who has been in the H. of R. and in the Senate of the U. S. during the most interesting periods—he too is gone ! He has left no wife or children ; but a long train of relatives and friends to weep his loss.—He was in the box with ladies ; he begged them not to be precipitate or impatient ; but was at length driven towards a window in the lobby with a crowd of others. The suffocating smoke came rolling on. Mr. V. and others who were with him were thrown down. Mr. Norland fell towards the window and was saved ; Mr. V. fell the other way and perished in the smoke !

Many doubtless perished in the same way. The volume of smoke, which could not at first escape through the roof, was beat downwards ; black, dense, almost saturated with oily vapours. Many were suffocated by it, who might have had strength enough to leap the windows.—Several were saved by the fresh air which they in-

haled at the windows on even at a cranny.

Poor Botts ! a man of astonishing assiduity and attainments at the bar, has perished with his wife and her neice—he fell perhaps a victim to his hopes. He thought it more prudent to sit still with his wife while the crowd passed by ; but her sister-in-law Mrs. Page, yielding to the sympathetic impulse of her fears, rushed forward and is saved—What a seal has death set upon his family ! At one fell swoop, five helpless children converted into Orphans.

How heavily has the hand of death fallen upon the family of the Harvies ! Poor mourners, deeply indeed have ye drank of the cup of affliction. Within five short years we have numbered among the dead the venerable John Harvie, the distinguished Lewis Harvie, the amiable Mrs. McCraw, the interesting little boy of Dr. Brockenbrough. But by one blow the distressed mother, Mrs. Harvie, has lost her noble and high-souled daughter, Juliana, her excellent son E. J. Harvie, and that sweet little girl, Mary Whitlock, her beloved Grand daughter !!! Reader, conceive if you can what you never can have felt.

Lieut. James Gibbon, of the U. S. Navy, has gone with the rest ! Young as he was, he had tasted of the cup of affliction. He was taken captive in the Philadelphia, and immured in the prisons



of Tripoli.—On this fatal night, he and Mr. John. Lynch were in the same box with Mrs. Gallego, Miss Conyers, Mr. Venable and others—when the alarm was first given, they endeavoured to quiet the apprehensions of the ladies, but when the front scene was in flames, they reached over for Miss Conyers who had sunk motionless below—they took her over; they held her between them, in a state of insensibility; her head falling over Mr. Lynch's left arm. In this manner they proceeded towards the head of the stairs, when Gibbon said 'Lynch, leave Sally to me. I am strong enough to carry her; she is light and you can save somebody else.' Mr. L. replied. 'God bless you, Gibbon, there is the stairs.' and then turned round to seek some of the other ladies. Poor Gibbon and his lovely and interesting companion, sunk together.

We must drop this recital.—We have already stated the deaths of Mrs. Gerardin and her sweet boy—of Mrs. Gibson, whose husband is perhaps now on his way from Europe; what a blow upon his heart!—of the venerable Mrs. Page; of Mrs. Leslie; of the lovely Nancy Green, the daughter of Mr. Green, the Manager; of the amiable Mrs. Robert Greenhow. The particulars of most of their fates are wrapt in oblivion, their ashes are in the grave.

These perished amid the flames

—but Mrs. Patterson and Mr. William Brown were overwhelmed by the crowd.

Let us change the scene. It is a far more grateful task to describe the fate of those who have, as it were, miraculously escaped. It is some relief to our feelings, to contemplate those who seem again to have 're-visited the realms of light.' It is almost as if the grave had given them up again from its jaws. We are sorry, indeed, that our limits do not permit us to give any but hasty snatches and sketches of events.

Mr. John G. Jackson was overcome by the suffocating smoke, and fell senseless. His last recollection was that his feet were descending; but whether the floor or stairway were broken, or he had reached the descent, he was not conscious—but insensibly he descended to the level of the pit, where a strong current of fresh air revived him as he lay amongst a heap of prostrate persons. He struggled to rise and found himself on his feet, with a lady clinging to him, and beseeching him to save her. With difficulty he found the door, not being acquainted with the house, but at last he emerged with the lady, when the fire was pouring through the front windows, and ere they had advanced far the roof tumbled in.

Mr. M. W. Hancock carried with him to the play, his niece, the two Miss Herons, and three

boys. When the alarm was given, he did all in his power to save his *protéges*—but was at last separated from them all. The flames were approaching with a degree of fury and rapidity, that was perhaps never exceeded. Hitherto the scene had been all bustle, confusion and consternation; it now changed to one of awful horror and desperation that beggars all description. He attempted to reach the centre window in the lobby of the lower boxes. He at last succeeded in mounting on the heads of the crowd betwixt him and the window, and finally reached it, surrounded by the unavailing and afflicting cries of those suffocating around him. He stepped within the window and with difficulty raised the lower sash—he thrust his feet out, when the sash was suddenly pressed down, and caught his feet betwixt it and the side. He extricated one foot, but could not the other, until those behind him who had sufficient strength to mount over him and the lower sash which kept him down, did so.—He found himself so far gone from suffocation that he gave himself up as lost—the flames however rushed over his head, and the introduction of fresh air at the bottom of the window gave him new life. Those behind him being no longer able to keep him down, he with a last effort raised the sash, extricated his foot and jumped out. It gives us sincere pleasure to add that the three boys and girls, whom he carried with

him, have all escaped with their lives.

Mr. John Lynch was the only person who passed the window after Mr. Hancock. After he had left poor Gibbon, he met with a variety of horrid adventures. All was utter darkness in the lobby, and suffocation threatened. It was an awful crisis—and but that one of the windows was burst open, and let in fresh air, he thinks all in the lobby must have perished; at length he reached the window, where he found a gentleman fixed fast, whom he since believes to have been Mr. Hancock. After an awful lapse, the flames were rushing on in all directions, his hair caught fire, hope deserted him; he was struck with horror at the idea of being burned alive. He rushed towards the window, waving his hands as quick as possible, over his head and clothes. This was a dreadful moment; he saw many drop down on each side of him suffocated—the window was now free, and he was scarcely on the bottom of it, when he heard an awful crash behind him.—He threw himself out, and Providence preserved him.

Mr. Robert Greenhow precipitated himself down the stairs over fire-brands and bodies, with his fine son in his arms—and was saved.

Mr. Head Lynch made a wonderful escape with his child. His lady was saved by a strong man's



pulling her by the hair of her head over the bodies in the stair-way.

Mr. Stetson fell in the lobby with his head to the wall—but for a crack which his mouth accidentally caught, he would have died for want of air—the fresh air that streamed through it revived him enough to lift his head to the window—a fresh draught of it revived him and he jumped out.

Mr. Gordon was saved in a state of insensibility. His lady was saved by jumping through a window, and clinging to a man; and her little daughter by hanging to her mantle. They had three children there, and not one of them was lost.

Several individuals were active in rescuing the lives of their fellow creatures—Dr. Mc. Caw let down several from the window. Mr. Doyle, Mr. Grant and others who were out, received many as they were let or jumped down.

#### SELECTED.

*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

#### A SKETCH OF MARY ASTELL'S LIFE.

This very great ornament of her sex and country was born at Newcastle upon Tyne, in the county of Northumberland, about the year 1668, and was the daughter of Mr. Astell, merchant, in that place. She was very genteelly educated, having been instructed in all the languages usually learned by ladies

in her station, and though she proceeded no farther in the languages at that time than the French tongue, yet afterwards, she became acquainted with Latin, and having a piercing wit, a solid judgment, and tenacious memory, she made herself perfect mistress of every thing she attempted to learn, with extraordinary facility.

Her remarkable abilities and great propensity to learning, being observed by her uncle who was a clergyman, he generously offered to be her preceptor and under his tuition she made a considerable progress in philosophy, mathematics, logic, &c.

In the 30th year of her age, she left Newcastle and came to London, where at Chelsea, she spent the remainder of her life. She now prosecuted her studies, with uncommon assiduity, and became perfect mistress of the above sciences.

The great learning which she had attained together with her natural benevolence, made her observe and lament the general want of knowledge in her sex, which she justly observed, was the chief cause of all those follies and inconveniences into which they too often fell. Accordingly she employed her pen for their instruction, and produced some treatises for the use of ladies. She also wrote some religious tracts, & in 1700, produced a book, called 'Reflections on Marriage,' in which it was

thought she carried her argument with regard to the *birth rights* and *privileges* of her sex, a little too far. In this treatise she discovered too much warmth, but the motive was, her having been disappointed in a marriage contract, with an eminent clergyman. Finding that this composition did not give general satisfaction, she published a second edition with a long preface. She always endeavoured to conceal her name, but her writings would not suffer her to remain in obscurity. She soon acquired a complete knowledge of all the classic authors. Though she had many antagonists, she had abilities enough to confute them. She was easy and affable to all, but exceedingly severe to herself, as she constantly observed the most rigid abstinence. She would live like a hermit for a considerable time, upon a crust of bread and water, with a little small beer. And at her highest time of living (when she was at home) she would rarely eat any dinner till night, and then it was with the strictest rules of temperance. She seemed to enjoy an uninterrupted state of health, till within a few years of her death; when having had one of her breasts cut off, it so much impaired her constitution that she did not long survive it. This was for a cancer which she had concealed with so much secrecy that not even her most intimate friends knew any thing of it. She always dressed and managed it herself, but finding amputation

was absolutely necessary, she went to a surgeon with only one attendant, and requested him to cut it off in the most private manner. She would hardly suffer him to have those persons in the room who were necessary to assist him in the operation. She would not have her arms bound, but submitted to the knife with uncommon resolution—without even a struggle or a groan!—She died May 11, 1731 and was buried at Chelsea.

SARAH JENNINGS.

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FROM THE GLEANER.

*From the Desk of Poor Robert the Scribe*

"Honesty is the best Policy."

Be honest and 'tis clear as light,  
You'll make by far most money by't.  
The profits that are got by cheating,  
Are very few and very fleeting.  
Experience proves the adage true;  
Then never lose it from your view.

WHEN I was a little fellow, just old enough to be mischievous, I was beset by a parcel of my companions to go and pilfer the parson's pears. Down by the side of the brook that flows out of Appleberry pond, back of the parson's house, was a beautiful meadow, in the midst of which stood the pear-tree. It was large—hung full, and they were of a most delicious flavour.

Whether I was afraid of a flogging—whether respect for the parson (for in those days children



were brought up to respect the pious) prevented me; or whether I was deterred by the recollection of my bad luck in pilfering melons, I cannot now remember; but I told them decidedly I would have nothing to do with the matter and did all in my power to dissuade them of their enterprise.

I don't know how, but so it happened, that my honesty got to the parson's ears, and one Saturday afternoon I received an invitation to go and see him. Away I went conscious that I had done no wrong;—how light beats the heart of innocence! The good man met me at the door:—'Robert,' says he, taking my hand, 'I have heard that you refused to join in pilfering my pears. Now I mean to convince you that *'honesty is the best policy.'* 'Here,' added he, placing a large basket of the finest fruit before me, 'eat what you please, and take as many with you as you can carry.' I felt at that moment happier than Napoleon, with empires at his feet. And the circumstance led me to remark, early in life, the consequence of an adherence to the maxim.

There was at Appleberry a merchant, well esteemed for his probity:—'Where do you trade, neighbour?'—said one farmer to another. 'Why, at Mr. Upright's,' replied the first. 'His weights and measures always hold out. I had as lief send a child as grown person to his store, for the matter of

his being treated well. I do not pretend to know the value of some sorts of goods myself but he has but one price, and never takes advantage of one's ignorance.' I marked the consequence.—Upright grew rich and respected; and fully experienced the truth of the maxim, that—*honesty is the best policy.*

There, too, was Lawyer Aimwell;—he never would flatter you about your cause, for the sake of your money—but would tell you plainly his opinion, even though he lost a fee by it. Nor would he ever advocate a cause that he knew to be unjust. His established character drew business from every quarter, and he realized in a fortune of five thousand pounds, and the esteem of his fellow-men, the correctness of the maxim that *honesty is the best policy.*

But there was rich George Ardenburg, who had a large farm given him by his father. One of the merchants had advertised for tallow to send off for New-York. Rich George had killed a number of fat cattle, and as the tallow was to be sent away immediately, he thought it a good time to dispose of it. It was weighed—every body thought it astonishing heavy. Dick Artly, who attended the store, being somewhat suspicious, and a little roguish withal, in removing one of the cakes, as though by accident, let it fall plump upon the floor—it split open—and, lo! in

the middle was a large stone! Poor George looked like a sheep-stealer.—He was hoisted out of town. His match was broken off with the amiable Miss Arabella Broomley; he was turned out of the militia office he held, and finally was compelled to sell his farm and move off to Canada.

The blacksmith, the taylor;  
The printer, the nailor;  
The hatter, the joiner;  
The potter, the miner;  
The farmer, physician;  
Merchant, politician;  
The sadler, and sawyer;  
The priest and the lawyer;  
The painter, and glazier;  
The mason and grazier,

Will find that my maxim, so trite  
and so old,

To those who adopt it, brings hon-  
or and gold.

### VARIETY.

#### ORIGINAL AND SELECTED

*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

A young gentleman of good morals, was unwari'y drawn into a gaming house where he was so lucky as to win all the cash the gamblers had. Upon leaving the place, he was beset at the door by a number of beggars, who generally attended to ask alms of the fortunate gamblers—he directed them to a neighbouring tavern

where he feasted them, and sent for such people as kept ready made clothes, clad them all complete, and gave each a sum of money, according as he thought their necessities required.—On his arrival at home, the father, who had been very uneasy at his long absence, inquired where he had been, and what doing? He said, 'I have been fulfilling the Scripture—The naked have I clothed—fed the hungry—and the rich I have sent empty away.'

A gentleman having put out a candle by accident one night, he ordered his waiting man (who was a simple being,) to light it again in the kitchen; "but take care, James," added he, "that you do not hit yourself against any thing in the dark"—Mindful of the caution, James stretched out both arms at full length before him, but unluckily a door that stood half open, passed between his hands and struck him a woeful blow upon the nose; "Dickens!" muttered he, when he recovered his senses a little, "I always heard that I had a plaguy long nose, but I vow I never have thought that it was longer than my arm."

*Honesty and Gratitude!—*A man, named *Obediah Potter*, who formerly resided in *Savannah (Georgia)*, and who was enabled by the liberality of a merchant in that city, to carry on a considerable trade; lately absconded to *St Au-*



*gustine* :--His creditor, on requesting him to reimburse his debt, was laconically informed, 'that having become a Spanish subject, he was free of the debt ; that the king had by proclamation protected debtors from debts contracted in the States ; that he might whistle what tune he pleased for his own amusement : but begged his debtor not to trouble him any more with his *folderol*.'

## ORIGINAL EPITAPH

ON AN OLD DRUNKARD

WEEP ! grocers, tavernkeepers, all !  
And brandy merchants, great and small !  
For GUZZLE is no more !  
He drank his last the other day,  
And now lies buried in this clay,  
So pray, shut, up your stores,

Now is your time, ye worms draw near,  
Broach Guzzle's keg, and take good  
cheer

For it is yet well fill'd !  
But from poor Tom's unhappy fate,  
Take warning ! ere it be too late—  
By BRANDY he was Kill'd !

## ORIGINAL EPITAPH

ON A DRUNKARD.

Pray who lies here ? why, don't you  
know !

'Tis stammering, staggering, boozy Joe ;  
What, dead at last ? I thought that  
death

Could never stop his long, long breath ;  
True death ne'er threw his dart at him,  
But kill'd like David, with a sling ;  
Whether he's gone we do not know,  
With spirits above or spirits below ;—  
But, if he former taste inherits,  
He's quaffing in a world of spirits,

## LADY'S MISCELLANY

NEW-YORK, February 1, 1812.

" Be it our task,  
To note the passing tidings of the times.

On Sunday evening, the barn of Mr. George Sammis, at Huntington, L. I. was destroyed by fire, including five horses, cattle the hay, &c. This was the work of some incendiary.

On Saturday morning, at one o'clock, the building erected some years since by Mr. Livingston, at the foot of North-Moore-street, for a steam saw mill, was consumed by fire. It has been occupied for some time as a manufactory for Mr. Fulton and others. Suspensions are entertained of its having been set on fire.

On the 16th inst. nine wooden tenements were destroyed by fire at Richmond, Vir. No lives were lost, and the property valued at 20,000 dollars, was mostly injured.

A shock of an Earthquake was felt at Jamaica, L. I. a little after 9 o'clock on Thursday evening 23d. ult. About the same time a noise was heard in this city, which, by some, was said to be an Earthquake.

A shock of an Earthquake was felt at Washington on Thursday morning 23 ult. 20 minutes past 9.

THE FOUNDLING OF  
BELGRADE A ROMANCE.

Was published sometime since by Dr. Longworth, in this city, & is still for sale by him (*per one dollar*,) at the *Shakespeare Gallery*. It was announced as a translation from the French by W. Jennings, & inscribed by permission, to T. JEFFERSON ESQ. PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES. We are, however, informed that it was an original work writ-

ten by a gentleman on his passage from this city to the Island of Jamaica. The name of the author is not known. The style is rapid and his attempt at brevity (at times) require the whole attention of the reader. Could the author have been prevailed on to have re-written his work, he might, by dilating extended it to three or four times its present size, with as much or more propriety than many of our modern romances have done theirs. But his impatience of temper prevented this. He aims at much higher things. There is however, enough in it to amply compensate the purchaser, of the expence of the volume.

Christopher's *Enigmatical* list of young ladies, at Newtown and Hurlgate, (was received too late for this weeks publication) shall appear in our next number.

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### Married.

On Saturday evening, by the rev. Mr. Strong, Mr. Matthias Crane, to Mrs. Hannah Foote.

On Thursday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Gunn, Mr. Warren Bishop, to Miss Harriet Olmstead, all of this city.

At Christ's Church, on Thursday morning, by the rev. Mr. Lyell, Mr. Robert Gill to Miss Harriet Rumsey, both of this city.

At Friend's Meeting House, Westbury, L. I. Mr. John D. Hicks, to the amiable Miss Sarah Rushman, daughter of Mr. Stephen Rushman, esq. all of that place.

At Philadelphia EDWARD WHITE, LX, printer, to MISS MARY SMITH.

At Newark, David Meeker, of Eliza-bethtown, to Miss Abby R. Beach.

At Newark Col. Hiram Smith, of Troy, to Mrs. Darby, of Parsipanny.

At Albany, George Colier, to Miss Martha Haines, of Watervliet.

At Albany David Austin Northrup, to Miss Sophia Brainard.

At Halifax rev. Charles Ingliss, to Hannah, daughter of Lawrence Hartshorne, esq.

At New-Hampton Wm. Maxwell, esq. of Flemington, to Miss Sally Dusenbery, daughter of major Dusenbery.

At Hempstead, Long-Island, Mr. Cornelius Duryre, of Jamaica, to Miss Deborah L. Doughty.

At Hudson, Edward C. Thurston, to Miss Eliza Van Verden Burgh.

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### Died.

On Monday afternoon, Mr. William Vandewater, in the 26th year of his age.

At Norfolk, William Cuthbert, esq. merchant a native of Scotland.

On Monday last, in the 75th year of his age. Mr. Isaac Courtland.

At Savannah on the 7th inst. where he had gone for the benefit of his health, Mr. John S. Wallace, of this city.

At Trenton, Stephen Walsh, aged 90; Benjamin Doake, aged 35; Thomas Thomas, aged 41.

On Thursday, of a consumption, which she bore with christian fortitude and truly pious resignation, Mrs. Abbe Walgrave, wife of Mr. Garrit Walgrave.

At Portland Charles Paul, a native of Newtown, Long-Island.

On Wednesday, Mr. Oliver Bronson, a native of Connecticut.

At Fishkill, John Henderson, aged 102, a native of Scotland; he was a soldier in the battle of Culloden, in '46.

On his passage to Savannah, on board the brig *Hesper*, Mr. William Magee, of this city, merchant, of the house of James Magee and Co.



# THE SUN IN THE WAVE,

IRISH AIR—OLD TROUGH

NEW WORDS BY SIR JOHN STEVENSON.

The sun in the wave dipt his lingering ray, And dew-dropping skies wept the  
 ab-sence of day, When sunk on the ear were the sound of the fray.

2	3	4	5
'Twas then o'er the heath flew the white --bosom'd fair, All loose on the swelling breeze floated her hair, And her dark-rolling gaze spoke the soul of despair.	No tear left her eye, nor no sigh 'scap'd her breast, While round her lay many a hero at rest, And the blood-gluttred raven retired from his feast.	How weak was his groan, as it pass'd by her ear! How low droop'd his head! the sad mo- ment was near, As 'neath an old oak lay the warrior so dear.	She shriek'd his lov'd name, as she sprung o'er the heath, All cold on her lip she receiv'd his last breath, And clasp'd her soul's idol, but clasp'd him in death.



*' Apollo struck the enchanting Lyre,  
The Muses sung in strains alternate.'*

*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

Mr. Editor

Should you think the following lines worthy of a place in your paper, you are at liberty to insert them.

Nina's mind is averse to each act of deceiving.

But friendship and love in her countenance glow,

Her kind heart throbs with rapture, the wretched relieving

And her eyes with soft sympathy's tears overflow.

Oh! a tear has its source, and the heart is the fountain,

And smooth is the current augmented by grief

It is mild as the zephyr which flits o'er the mountain

And brings the poor mourner a share of relief.

From humanity's heart the tear springs with emotion,

And full is the stream which in Nina's breast swells,

'Tis sincere as an offering of purest devotion.

And brings peace, and content, to the heart where it dwells.

Contentment, dear Nina, is a source of friction

Which while we possess, we no change of place need;

It is not peculiar to any condition,

But accomp'nies each virtuous, excellent deed.

GERALDINE.

### THE CONTRASTED JOYS

*A real fact from an anecdote of the late  
rev. James Harvey.*

How great my pleasure, at the play  
(A lady was ever heard to say.)

Amusement surely all divine,

Be such amusements always mine—

'First there's the joy I always know

Before the hour arrives to go

And when I'm there— but who can say

What are my raptures at a play.

Besides the recollected joy,

Next day affords me sweet employ,

'That may be true, (a friend reply'd)

But is there not one joy beside?

You have not mention'd, tell me why,

The joys of plays, when call'd to die!

Perhaps a thunder Bolt, from Heav'n,

Might then have less confusion given

The gay Young Lady felt the smart,

Conviction seiz'd her wounded heart.

No more she boasts her former joys;

Religion, now her thoughts employ,

False pleasures can no more amuse

Superiour bliss, she now pursues.

Oh! happy change! she says, & tells you why

Religious! joys, will last when call'd to die.

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